C-221-5-6

Wm Bronscombe 23 Oct 06

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XL. No. 24 MONTREAL, JUNE 16, 1905. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Amalia, the Little Fish-seller.

Little Amalia Baumer was one of the best known and most dearly loved among the people of Rohtstein, a fishing-station on the Friesland coast.

Her father, Hermann Baumer, was an unprincipled fellow who had first deserted from the army, and then run away from his wife Carolina and baby Amalia when the latter was only a few weeks old.

Carolina had managed, by hard work and careful management, to keep herself and her little girl, and to send the child to school, where she made good progress. But between school-hours and on half-holidays it was the child's delight to try and help her mother.

When the fishing-fleet came in, Amalia, who had friends in every boat, used to bring round a large basket, or big wooden bowl, and every skipper gave her a fish or two, according to his catch.

The child was a great favorite, and not a man in the fleet grudged the little gift to that dear, bright-faced young bread-winner. And when—almost always accompanied by her cat—she ran round visiting every boat, smiling at the kind fishermen, and thanking them in her pretty gratitude, they were more than amply repaid, and often paused in their work to look after her as she went away with her well-filled basket, to call at the various larger houses round the village and to sell her fish.

One day the fish given her had been unusually fine, and she had sold them for very good prices. The house where she had left the last of her wares was some two miles out in the country, and the darkness of a winter afternoon was rapidly closing in when she started on her way home.

Tripping along at a quick pace—considering the heavy wooden clogs with which she was shod—Amalia overtook a ragged tramp plodding wearily on, and stumbling often from sheer fatigue.

'Good evening, little maiden,' said he, as Amalia came up with him.

'Good evening,' replied the child very courteously.

'Pray tell me how far it is to the nearest village,' said the man; 'and what may be the name of it, for I am a stranger in these parts?'

'The nearest village is Rohtstein, about a mile and a half away,' answered the little girl. 'I am going there myself, and will show you the way.'

'Do you live at Rohtstein, little maiden?' enquired the tramp, to whose limping, halting steps Amalia had adapted her usually quick pace.

'Yes; my mother and I have lived there for some years—indeed, nearly all my life. We came there very soon after we lost father.'

'Oh! Then your father is dead?'

'I know not that he is dead,' replied the child, 'but mother says he went away when I was a tiny baby, and so I do not remember him. But she does not forget,' added Amalia, 'and every night she prays for him and asks the good Lord to bless and send him back to us; she has taught me to pray for him, too.'

THE AFTERNOON WAS CLOSING IN WHEN SHE STARTED ON HER WAY HOME.

'Was your father a bad man, child?' questioned the stranger, who seemed interested in the little girl's artless story.

'Mother never said so,' rejoined Amalia; 'nor know I why he went away from us, or why he returns not. But we have not lost faith—mother and I.' And the child lifted pure, trusting eyes to her ragged companion's face. 'And we think our prayers will be answered some day, in God's good time.'

'And your name, little one! Tell me your name!'

'Amalia, and my mother is Carolina. Everybody knows Carolina Baumer the laundress, and little Amalia the fish-seller. But what ails you, poor man? You groan—you are in pain!'

'No, child, no! It is nothing. A sudden pang, but it is over,' replied the stranger. But all the rest of the way he was silent, seeming absorbed in thought.

'Mother, dear, I bring thee a visitor, a poor tired man, whom I overtook on the road,' said Amalia, who had bounded on at a far quicker pace as they neared the cottage. 'He may rest here a while, may he not, and share our supper?'

'Surely yes, my child; bid him enter in the name of him who is the giver of all.'

The man, thus kindly welcomed, crossed the threshold, his head bent, his hand leaning heavily upon his staff. But as he came forward into the lamp and firelight, Carolina gave a cry. 'Hermann! Hermann!' And the poor tottering, ragged wayfarer was clasped in his wife's arms.

That night he told his story. He said that after leaving his wife and child all those years before, he had been arrested and punished with long imprisonment for desertion from the army. In prison he had an illness which unfitted him for further use as a soldier, and when he was set free he nearly starved, for no one would employ a man just out of prison, and he often tramped miles in search of any kind of work.

But his troubles and privations had changed him, and for the last two years, sorely repenting, and longing to lead a new life, he had been seeking his wife and child. And now, in God's long-suffering mercy, Hermann's desire had been fulfilled, and by his own child, as by some angel unawares, he had been led back into the love and the quiet home-life which once he had valued so very little.

And once again, too, had humble, child-like faith been rewarded, and the Heavenly Father had proved himself anew the hearer and answerer of prayer.—The 'Child's Companion.'

'There is a Peace That Cometh After Sorrow.'

(Jessie Rose Gates, in the 'Century.')

'There is a peace that cometh after sorrow,'
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
A peace that looketh not upon to-morrow,
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace which lives not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure;
But in the unerring strength the heart possesses
Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

A peace there is, in sacrifice secluded;
A life subdued, from will and passion free;
'Tis not the peace which over Eden brooded,
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

A Well-Spent Life.

Dr. Griffith John, the well-known and devoted missionary who has done and suffered many things in China, tells us that it was the gladdest moment of his life when he was privileged to shed his blood for Christ amid a crowd of roughs who were pelting him with stones. Now Christian churches flourish among this very people. Is it not a well-spent life? Who will follow this worthy example? Sixteen years ago he said, 'I have been twenty-six years in China. Had I twenty-six more lives thrice twenty-six in length, every day would be devoted to China.'—'Congregational Magazine.'

Dr. Grenfell's Mission in Labrador.

A CHANCE TO HELP.

There are many warm hearts full of eagerness to help the work of the Labrador Mission, but as far as money gifts go, their assistance has to be strictly limited. There are other ways in which much acceptable aid may be given, ways, too, that are possible, some of them at least, for almost anyone. Cruising up and down the lonely bays, Dr. Grenfell finds many a half-clad family, whose scanty wardrobe must be supplemented by contributions from the mission storehouse, though grants of this kind, wherever possible, are repaid in part by labor of some sort. The mission storehouse can only be kept replenished by barrels and boxes of warm clothing sent out continually by friends in more favored lands.

In this storehouse, either new or second-hand clothing is acceptable, but if the latter is sent, great care must be taken that all garments are in thorough repair. If everything is neatly patched or darned, buttons or tapes in place, it will not matter so much if garments are slightly faded or not of the latest design, so long as they are strong and warm. Particular care should be taken that no moths are lurking in the folds of woollen garments when packed, for it may be some months before the barrels are opened, and there are few things more disheartening to a missionary than to find the gifts, intended by kind-hearted donors to give lasting comfort, are only fit to be thrown away.

Where the mission is called on to minister to men and women, boys and girls, of all ages, down to the youngest infant, it will readily be seen that any article of warm whole clothing can be used, whether for indoor or outdoor use. Cloth or knitted hoods or caps, woollen mittens, cuffs, mufflers, or socks, thick jerseys, fishermen's knitted helmets, all these are particularly useful. The mittens are preferred with quite short wrists, to lessen the danger of the chafing of wrists already, perhaps, galled by oilskin sleeves, and for much of the work it is found more convenient to have the mittens bound off after an inch of ribbing about half-way down the fingers. This leaves the tips of thumb and fingers freer for hauling the ropes and handling the nets.

Quilts and comforters are most welcome, both for needy families and for use in the different hospitals, for everywhere the stock needs constant renewing. Bandages ready rolled are invaluable in the hospital, saving much time to the often over-taxed assistants. Perhaps the most useful sizes are from 1½ to 5 inches in width. They lose half their value, however, if they are not tightly and smoothly rolled; the end is best secured with a very small safety pin which is useful for securing the bandage after application.

For those who would like to make something out of the common, there are the waterproof finger stalls and mittens, made of rubber sheeting, the sections carefully bound with tape before sewing together. These stalls or mittens prove very comforting and protect sore hands in great measure from the salt water, where work has to be continued even under great difficulties.

As to packing and shipping of supplies, of course, no work of this kind can be undertaken unless the entire expense is prepaid. Fortunately, no expense is incurred from Montreal to Labrador, the Black Diamond line, plying between this port and St. John's, Nfld., very kindly carrying the mission supplies free. The Newfoundland Government admits them duty free, and the coasting schooners and steamers carry them free round to some port where Dr. Grenfell himself picks them up when cruising in the 'Strathcona.' If, therefore, friends will prepay to Montreal, consigning to Black Diamond Line Steamship Co., they may be assured that their gift will reach its destination in due time.

Barrels should be used in preference to bales or boxes. Sailors like barrels better and find them much easier to handle. The address, 'Dr. Grenfell, Deep Sea Mission, Labrador,' should be clearly placed on the head of the barrel—better both ends, in fact, and it is well to mark the name of the place from which it is sent round the side—though this is not necessary. One thing should be done without fail—that is, to place inside the barrel, on top of all the contents, a letter giving a list of the articles sent, the date of sending, the address of the person to whom acknowledgment should be sent, and any special points of interest you may wish to give. A duplicate letter and list placed at the bottom before the goods are packed would not be a bad idea, and would ensure the list being seen whichever end was opened first.

It is most desirable at the Mission to be able to credit each barrel to the right donor, and to be able to recall from the list, the contents of the various barrels when the time for writing the acknowledgment comes.

Even with the letter inside, do not be disappointed if six months or even more elapses before acknowledgment is made, for unforeseen delay may occur. Be sure that long before a formal letter of thanks reaches you grateful hearts have sent you thanks 'on the wings of the wind,' and the other will come in good time.

We have made a number of suggestions, feeling sure that there are many readers who will be glad to keep this mission in mind from this time forward, and prepare during the summer and winter to make yearly gifts of this kind as the spring comes round. For this year, the response must be at once, if at all. The best time for sending all consignments is the early part of June, for then barrels will probably reach their destination and be acknowledged before the close of the short summer. If sent later than that various causes may delay acknowledgment even to the following summer. There are many places where with a little prompt action a barrel could be packed and despatched within two weeks, or at least three. Individual friends wishing to send a small parcel, a warm coat, a couple of pairs of socks, mitts, or the like, should send in at once to the Montreal committee, care of Miss Roddick, 80 Union avenue, for enclosure in the barrels, which are to be packed very shortly.

We have said purposely nothing about jams or jellies because these can only be made as the fruit comes in and must have special provision made for late shipping. A little later we hope to give some hints on that subject.

The Saintly Wife as Proxy.

In Canon Gore's opinion, there is a danger of relying too much upon living saints, as well as upon dead ones. How many a man, he said in his Sunday evening sermon at Westminster Abbey, recently, is there who is glad that his wife is such a good religious woman? 'My wife is really a saint,' he says. But he entertains the strange idea that it is the woman's part to have the religion for the family, and that it can hardly be expected of the male part of the population. He relies upon his wife's religion. Now, religion is a matter which cannot be lent and borrowed. The religion of my neighbor may inspire me, may sustain me, may encourage me; but so far from being a thing which by mere external influences can pass into me, the most dangerous situation of all is to be always near religion and never to assimilate it. There are people who pride themselves on not being sacerdotalists; they do not rely on the assistance of any priest. Well and good. But they rely upon their favorite preacher; they like to hear such an one preach; and when he ceases to preach they cease to worship.—The 'Christian World.'

Acknowledgments.

We hold over the list for this week of gifts to the Labrador Mission, as it is not very large. Next week we hope to have a marked increase. Preparation for summer is the order of the day for us, but in Labrador it is the eager, strenuous preparation through the brief summer for the long, hard winter. Prompt gifts now will mean timely relief for some one just when it is sorely needed.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath School or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and Illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

PICTORIAL TESTAMENT—A handsome pictorial New Testament just published, neatly bound in leather, gilt edge. Given for four new subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, or six renewals at forty cents each.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Cod Fisher.

Oft, driven through the night's blind wrack,
He feels the dread berg's ghastly breath,
Or hears draw nigh through walls of black
A throbbing engine chanting death.
But, with a calm, unwrinkled brow,
He fronts them, grim and undismayed,
For storm and ice and liner's bow,
These are but chances of the trade.

Yet well he knows—where'er it be,
On low Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann—
With straining eyes that search the sea
A watching woman waits her man.
He knows it, and his love is deep,
But work is work, and bread is bread,
And though men drown and women weep,
The hungry thousands must be fed.

To some the gain, to some the loss,
To each his chance, the game with Fate;
For men must die that men may live—
Dear Lord be kind to those who wait!

—Abridged from 'Harper's Weekly.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

'Mukti.'

[Our readers will be interested in the following sketch just received from the Hindu lad of about fourteen, from whom we had a letter some time ago.—Ed.]

Mukti is a Sanskrit word meaning deliverance, and this is the name given to the home of Pundita Ramabai for widowe at Kedgaon, and it is properly given, because fifteen hundred girls are in the way of getting deliverance through Jesus Christ.

I am trying to write a few lines about the daily work of the girls for the readers of the 'Messenger,' and hope they will like it.

Early in the morning the five o'clock bell wakes up all the people at Mukti. They have half an hour for dressing, and then they gather in different places for prayer. They get instruction in singing for about twenty minutes. It is great fun to hear different songs sung at the same time. The prayers go on from six to seven. Then the girls have their breakfast. The school begins at eight. About seven hundred girls attend school in the morning. There is no schoolhouse at present, but the church is used instead. There is a high school. Two girls are trying to appear for the matriculation examination this year. Manoramabai, Pundita Ramabai's daughter, is the vice-principal of the school.

The rest of the girls do other things in the morning. Some work in the fields. There are nine beautifully built wells. The water is good. There is an orphanage for boys. The boys are only a hundred or so in number.

Will those who read these lines think of the work and pray God to bless it?

VISHNU B. G.

Red Indians and the Great Book.

The Rev. Egerton R. Young, the well-known missionary amongst the Red Indians in North-West Canada, tells in his deeply interesting book, 'Stories from Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-fires,' a remarkable story, showing the love of some of these poor Indians for God's Word. He says—

I was sitting in my study one day, when noiselessly and quietly there came filing into the room a dozen or more stalwart Indians. I greeted them kindly and bade them welcome. On scanning their faces I observed that they were all entire strangers. Seating them as well as the limited accommodation of my little study would admit, I began a conversation with them. They were a fine-looking lot of men, with characteristic Indian faces. After a few commonplace remarks had passed between us I became anxious to know who they were and what was the special object of their visit. So, addressing the one who seemed to be the principal man among them, I asked—

'Where do you live?'

'Very far away,' he replied.

'How far away?' I asked.

'Thirteen nights away,' he said.

The Indians compute long distances by the number of nights they spend on their journey, So to see me these Indians had in their birch bark canoes travelled fourteen days down great rivers and across stormy lakes.

'What is your object in coming so far?' I asked.

Very decidedly one of them spoke up and said—

'We have come for you!'

'For what purpose do you want me?' I asked, beginning to get interested by the earnestness of these stalwart men.

'Why,' they answered, 'we have the great Book and can read it, but we do not know what it means.'

'Oh, I am delighted to hear that you have the great Book and can read it,' I said; 'and, of course, you have had a missionary who has taught you to read?'

Their answer amazed me—

'You are the first missionary we ever saw.'

'Then you have had a teacher who has instructed you?'

'What is a teacher?' was the questioning reply.

So I explained to them what a teacher was, and to this they said—

'We have never seen one as yet.'

Becoming intensely interested now in these children of the forest, I replied with a certain amount of inquiry and, perhaps, incredulity in my voice—

'Do you, who have never had a missionary or teacher, pretend to tell me that you can read the great Book?'

Quietly they answered—

'We can read the great Book.'

To put them to a test was an easy matter, and so, picking up my Indian Bible—printed in the Rev. James Evans's beautiful syllabic characters—I opened it, and said to one of them, 'Read.'

Without any hesitancy he began, and read without making a single mistake. Then I tried another and another, and found, to my great delight, that these Indians from that distant and lonely forest retreat were all able to read in their own tongue the Holy Word.

'Tell me,' I said, 'how did you thus learn to read the good Book?

This was their story of how they had come into this great privilege—

'Missionary, you know we hunters roam over a great extent of country looking for game, and a few of your Indian fur hunters go many days down towards our country. When we have made our little hunting wigwams, and set traps for catching wild animals, we often have days when there is nothing to do. These we employ in visiting other Indians, and among those we visited were some of your Christian Indians from this mission, and we had some pleasant talks. They had with them their Bibles, and they would read to us out of the great Book, and we became very much interested, for they read about the Creation, and Noah, and David, and Moses, and Daniel, and Jesus.

'Our hunting season, you know, lasts many months, and so we had time to make many visits. When your Christian people saw that we were so interested, they said, "Would you not like to learn to read for yourselves?" And, of course, we said "Yes." So they began to teach us, and very often they would pray with us, and tell us some of the wonderful things that were in the great Book.

'As soon as the snow and ice left the great rivers and lakes, a number of us decided to take our furs down to York Factory on the Hudson Bay. One day before we returned, the gentleman in charge of the Hudson Bay post said to us, "There have come out to Mr. Young a lot of English and Indian Bibles from the British and Foreign Bible Society. Now, if you Indians could read I am sure Mr. Young would be glad for you to have some of these books. Our hearts were glad when we told him that some of us had learned to read the great Book. Then he gave us a lot of the books, and we decided that those who had learnt to read should each have one, and that they should teach others.

'So anxious were our people to learn, that the books were all distributed. We are very thankful for them, but we want somebody to teach us what we are reading. We love the Book, but we want somebody to make it plain to us!'

'With mingled feelings of surprise and delight,' says Mr. Young, 'I listened to his marvellous narrative. It was the Ethiopian eunuch over again, but multiplied many fold. Like him, they had heard and were interested, but how could they understand, never having had anyone to guide them?'

And then Mr. Young, whose account we have abridged a little, goes on to tell how the long journey was made to the village where these Indians lived.

'They drank in the truth with great delight, and we felt repaid a thousand-fold for coming to visit them. We remained several days among them, during which time we tried to teach and preach unto them Jesus, and many of them were baptized.

The Spirit of Japan.

From a war magazine issued in Tokio we select a few out of many instances of the patriotic spirit that animates the Japanese:

Midshipman Kajimura was standing by his gun on the 'Hatsuse' in the first fight at Port Arthur, when he was mortally wounded by a shell. He protested against being carried to the hospital, and, when a companion started to take off his boots, said:

'Don't; I must go back to fight.'

Those were his last words.

At one of the garrison towns, where choice was being made of those who were to go to the front in the first detachment and those who were to remain, a private appeared before the corporal, dragging a comrade.

'I am a bachelor,' he explained, 'and can go without any anxiety, while my friend has a wife and three children dependent on him. Let me go in his stead.'

The other protested. 'It is true that Nakao is a bachelor,' he said, 'but he is an only son, and his parents have no one but him to care for them. I will go rather than have him leave his parents.'

The corporal, forced to decide, chose the married man to go.

A striking tale of a mother's desire that her

son should do his duty is told from the Honjo district of Tokio. The young man was an itinerant vendor of medicine, and was away from home when the summons to the colors was issued.

The mother went to the district office, secured a few hours' grace for her son, raised a little money by selling some kitchen utensils, and started out to search in one direction for her son, sending a younger boy in another direction. She finally found the young man in a remote village and brought him back to Tokio in time to march with his regiment to the front, though she knows there is little hope for his return.

A condemned murderer in a Tokio prison was brought before the governor a few hours before the time fixed for his death, and, as is the custom, was told that his relatives had left a small sum of money with which he might buy what he wanted for his last meal.

The condemned man had heard that war was declared. He wanted to do something for his country before his disgraceful death, and asked that the money be turned over to the patriotic fund or to the family of some man who had gone to the front.—Exchange.

The Tongue.

'The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill,' declared the Greek.

'The tongue destroys a greater horde,'
The Turk asserts, 'than does the sword.'

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
'A lengthy tongue, an early death.'

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
'Don't let your tongue cut off your head.'

The tongue can speak a word whose speed,'
Says the Chinese, 'outstrips the steed.'

While Arab sage doth impart:
'The tongue's great storehouse is the heart.'

From Hebrew with the maxim sprung:
'Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue.'

The sacred writer crowns the whole:
'Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul.'
—The Rev. Philip Burrows Strong.

The Story of a Pigtail.

I wonder if any of you have ever made a sacrifice for the Lord Jesus as great as that made by a Chinaman living at Hankow, a city on the great Yang-tse River? The story I am now going to tell you I read in a book called 'Intimate China,' written by Mrs. Little; and though the book is meant for grown-up people, it has got so many beautiful pictures that it would interest even the youngest of you.

In many parts of China, as I expect you know, small feet are thought very beautiful; indeed, it is considered quite a disgrace for a woman to have feet of a natural size. A full-grown woman has often feet no longer than three inches, and very sad it is to see her tottering about on these little deformities. Chinese mothers bind the feet of their little girls to prevent their growing, and it makes one's heart ache to think that these poor little children suffer in order that, when they grow up, they may have 'lily feet.' As the Chinese become Christians, they learn that it is against God's law to deform their bodies, the temples of the Holy Ghost; but it is often very hard for them to stand out against the national custom.

The Chinaman, about whom Mrs. Little tells us, was a Christian, and of course knew it was wrong to bind his little girl's feet; but, as his wife would do it, in spite of all his entreaties, he sent his daughter away from home to an American Mission School. There her feet were unbound, and when she came home she was able to walk, and had nice rosy cheeks, unlike most Chinese girls, who can only hobble with a stick, and whose faces are pale, because they are in such pain. The good father was pleased to see his child so well and healthy; but after a time he noticed that she was walking worse and worse every day, and he therefore knew that his wife must have begun to bind the child's feet once more.

At first he had not the courage to remonstrate; he had done it so often, and with no result, that now, for the sake of peace, he held his tongue. But the neighbors noticed, too, and were quick to see that he was not behaving as a Christian should. 'A nice one you are to talk,' they said, 'you, who are seeing your own daughter lamed before your eyes!' The taunt stung him. He knew that he was an 'apostle of Christ' to his fellow-countrymen, and that if he was to win others to his Master, there must be nothing inconsistent between his professions and his life. So he went to his wife and told her she must unbind their child's feet, for not only was the girl becoming lame, but God's work was being hindered.

His wife replied, as often before, that she would unbind, not only her daughter's feet, but her own too, if he would cut off his pigtail; a thing which she, of course, believed he would never do, for a Chinaman's pigtail is his glory. 'Do you mean what you say?' he asked her; and when she had assured him seven times in succession, and each time more vehemently than the last, that she meant what she said, he quietly took up a pair of scissors and cut off his queue. There it lay, the long glossy coil, like a black serpent on the ground, and soon the whole neighborhood was astir with excitement. Had the man gone mad? Even the missionary to whom the pigtail was brought could at first hardly believe that the act had been done in soberness.

But no, our Chinaman was both sane and sober. 'It is true it is contrary to the law of the land,' he said; 'but it is better I should offend against that than offend against my God.' You will be glad to know that his wife unbound both her own feet and her daughter's, and thus he had the happiness of knowing that his sacrifice was not in vain. No true sacrifice ever is; but we do not always see the results of right-doing at once; any more than we see directly the results of wrong-doing. Sooner or later an action always bears its fruit. The Chinaman laid his pigtail at the feet of Christ, and may there not be something which the Master requires of us?

I am sure you must all wish to be used by God; but, if so, you must obey his commands. Perhaps he has not yet asked of you any great sacrifice, as he did of the Chinaman; but at any rate he does want you to pay attention in school hours to your lessons, for perhaps it may be those tiresome French verbs or puzzling sums that some day he will use in his service.—Margaret A. Rolleston, in the 'Christian.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

The Story of the Sea.

'Lord, save us: we perish.'

(The Rev. James Learmount, in 'Examiner.')

I once saw a terrible storm. It was when I lived on the north-east coast. I remember my brother and I were aroused at about four o'clock on a December morning by the booming forth of the guns indicating that a ship was in danger. We dressed hastily and hurried down to the pier, where we found hundreds there before us. We got along with great difficulty in the face of a strong, north-easterly gale. It was an awful morning. The snow and sleet were cutting. We were drenched to the skin. When we got down to the pier, we found that the lifeboat could not be launched on account of the storm, but the life-saving apparatus had been run down, and was already at work. As our eyes got accustomed to the gloom, we saw a large steamer coming rapidly along by the side of the stone pier towards the sands. Suddenly she struck a rock and sank, leaving only the tops of the two masts and the funnel visible. Amongst the white foam we could see that the men in the ship had crowded to the tops of the masts and the funnel. Rocket after rocket was fired, but without success. In ordinary weather we could have thrown a stone on board. We could hear the sailors crying piteously for help. Then suddenly one of the masts went over, and an awful cry of horror ran along the pier from the assembled thousands. Then the other mast went overboard with more men, and we could hear their shout as they were thrown to the waves. Then the funnel went with the remaining men. The men had been firing the rocket apparatus all the time in the hope of establishing a connection between the sea and the land. But there was no help in man. Only the captain washed ashore, and he just gasped and died. I remember being at my own place of worship that Sunday morning, a service at which the captain of that wrecked vessel had also hoped to attend, as was his custom when at home. Oh, how helpless we all felt that day! Within a stone's throw of home, yet beyond all help of man. We realized our own helplessness as never before.

I think the storm which led the disciples to cry out, 'Lord, save us: we perish,' must have been something like the storm I have described, and they evidently feared a similar fate.

There are some things I like about these sailors. They did their best, and as long as ever they could. It was only when they had done all they could that they cried for help. This storm scene is an acted parable for us. It indicates for us the true way to live. We are to do the best we can with God's help, and then to leave the result in God's hands. You are entitled to God's help and blessing when you are doing and have done your best. God will help any boy or girl who is really trying to do their best, but no effort, no honest attempt—no help. As Mr. Spurgeon says: 'Help is on the road, and will not fail to reach us in due time, for he who sends it was never known to fail.'

In asking you to do your best before you can really expect his help and blessing, God shows his love. Were it otherwise, what feeble souls we would become. The storm and difficulties and troubles of life are our best friends if they are faced and conquered; and if they are so hard that you feel you must look to God for help, so much the better. God wants you to learn to look up for help under the ordinary circumstances of your life.

An American, speaking of the dogged perseverance of his nation, gave as an illustration the case of his own father. 'My father,' he said, 'failed in business six times, and then

made a large fortune.' Upon surprise being expressed that a man could do this in these days of keen competition the American said: 'You don't know the kind of man my father was. He was a man who would never stay broken.' This is the spirit these disciples had, that is the spirit we want—the spirit that will continue under the most trying and difficult circumstances to do the very best that can be done. And living thus and trusting God, you will have peace passing understanding.

Oh, I like these men, crying as they are rowing, as they are doing their best: 'Lord, save us: we perish.' God is always near to help the working prayer. Work, pray, and trust, boys and girls, that is the way to live, to have peace, and to be strong. Invite Jesus into your life. One day Stonewall Jackson, accompanied by his sister, was crossing the boiling torrent just below Niagara Falls, in a light boat with two boatmen. The current was strong, and seemed to be going in all directions. The boat's movements as a consequence were apparently very dangerous to the nervous excited lady. She became terrified, and Jackson, grasping her arm, turned to one of the men and said, 'How often have you crossed here?' 'I have been rowing people across, sir, for twelve years.' 'Did you ever meet with an accident?' 'Never, sir.' 'Never were capsized—never lost a life?' 'Nothing of the kind, sir.' Then, turning to his sister, he said to her with almost military sternness, 'You hear what the boatman says, and unless you think you can take the oars and row better than he does, sit still and trust him as I do.'

If you have Jesus with you, do your best and trust him.

The Appetite of a Bird.

When an old-fashioned hostess, says 'Answers,' urges her guests to eat, after the conventional manner of showing hospitality, and remarks: 'Why, you haven't the appetite of a bird!' she really speaks the truth, though she does not intend to.

The average man, if he had a bird's appetite, would devour from thirty to thirty-one pounds of food a day, which would be a tax on the larder of his hostess.

Recent experiments have proved that the average bird manages to eat about one-fifth of his own weight daily with ease, if he can get so much food; and in a wild state, though the bird has to hunt for his daily provender, he is eating a large part of the time during the day, and manages to get his full rations.

The smaller the bird the more voracious seems to be its appetite, and its power of absorption. A German scientist recently kept a canary under observation for a month. The little creature weighed only sixteen grammes, but in the course of the month it managed to eat 512 grammes' weight of food; that is, about thirty-two times its own weight. The bird must therefore have eaten its own weight in food every day.

An ordinary man with a canary's appetite would consume one hundred and fifty pounds of food a day. But the canary is an extreme case. The ordinary bird, in good health, will be satisfied with one-fifth of its weight a day by way of food.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Blowing Bubbles.

See, the pretty planet,
  Floating sphere!
Faintest breeze will fan it
  Far or near;

World as light as feather;
  Moonshine rays,
Rainbow tints together,
  As it plays;

Drooping, sinking, failing,
  Nigh to earth,
Mounting, whirling, sailing,
  Full of mirth;

Life there, welling, flowing,
  Waving round;
Pictures coming, going,
  Without sound.

Quick now, be this airy
  Globe repell'd!
Never can the fairy
  Star be held.

Touch'd—it in a twinkle
  Disappears!
Leaving but a sprinkle,
  As of tears.

—William Allingham, in Boston 'Congregationalist.'

An India Trip.

A ROYAL CHASE.

Thirty-six miles from home. Two large markets here, so for two days we camp here. Last night, when we arrived, Marguerite tried to sell some books to a man, but he was cross. Then the colporteur tried, but he only got the answer, 'Your books contain no medicine for me.' This morning, however, I saw him quietly send his little boy into the crowd to buy a book, and not long after he himself was standing by my side, dealing them out to his own village people.

Going out near the tent, Marguerite sat on the ground, and soon she had three men for an audience, and she seemed to interest them. Soon she came for a lantern and some books, and for half an hour she was as busy a little missionary as you ever saw. I wish you could have seen the picture as the lantern lit up her face and showed her little white index finger pointing at their dusky faces, for now she had a dozen or more men in a circle about her. To-day she is selling books in the market. She came in and said, 'I hit a man pretty hard on his pan chewing, and he felt pretty cheap.' I hope he did, for it is a filthy habit. The mouth and teeth look, during the process, as if painted a bright red. As I sat in the tent veranda, I saw a big elephant approaching, and Marguerite said, 'Oh, papa, I want a ride.' So, calling the man, I found it was one of the estate elephants, and the driver dug his knees into his sides shouting, 'Hut, hut,' at which he lay down and then the driver pulled her up, and off they went through the market and up the road, Marguerite laughing and shouting enough to scare the elephant.

The night closed in with thickening clouds, and promised rain, so we tightened the guys, drove in the pins, put things in shape, closed up the tent, and turned in. The ground was on a dead level and the rain spread under the tent; so we put things on the table and beds. Oh, what a night that was! The wind got a long sweep at us on the open plain. Our guy ropes fairly howled and demonstrated what were the weak points of the new tents. The big verandas lacked guys, and soon one was sticking fast to the end of the tent, flapping like a great flag at the corners. 'This won't do,' I thought; so, wrapping a great Turkish bath towel round me, I sallied forth. The rain was coming down in torrents; I could not stir the veranda canvas against the wind. So, driving in loose pins, I waited a little, and then managed to get up the veranda during a lull. I called to the men, but I might as well have saved my breath, for they had fled to the market houses for shelter, and we could scarcely hear our own voices. The guy ropes played like a string band. After about three hours of this it settled in for a steady rain until morning.

This a.m. I was up early to greet a dull leaden sky, growling its discontent at the battle-tide of the night. Keeping on my light cotton sleeping suit, I went to some trees near by and shot some pigeons for curry for the camp. Going back I sent the men for some dry straw for the tent. It was while we were taking things out to dry that I heard a man shout, 'Bagha, Bagha!' I grabbed my rifle and rushed in the direction of some men who were yelling like mad. That is one of the words that mean tiger, and will always stir the people. I wish the Lord would send a few spiritual 'baghas' to stir them up along that line. But to resume. Sure enough, standing there like a king in his pride was a Royal Bengal tiger on a rice bund. Oh, how I did wish those men would stop their yelling, but in two minutes, from villages in all directions you could hear the rising sound till one could almost think it was an army charging with its battle cry. The tiger, taking fright, started to make for the hills, a mile away, from whence he had come during the night storm in search of prey. I ran as hard as I could on an angle with him, hoping to get in range for a shot. I though he would make straight ahead, but a lot of villagers yelling and jumping turned him somewhat, and he ran down in a half circle of villages a little further on, I at its mouth, perhaps six hundred yards away. Here he halted, and raising his great head, shook his body from side to side in fear and anger. He was deciding which way to escape. I was afraid to shoot, for my five hundred express bullets go in all directions when they strike, and many people were directly beyond the beast. He suddenly wheeled and I thought I was in for it, but he darted behind a village ere I could get at him, and as I turned the corner I saw him making great bounds toward his jungle lair, his great white throat gleaming in the morning sun. Two parrier dogs had even taken courage to chase him, and they looked like kittens trying to follow their mother. Oh, it really was too undignified for the king of the jungle to act in such a cowardly fashion. I don't believe, however, many people have had the experience of chasing a Bengal tiger for nearly a mile in their night clothes. What a figure I did make as my bare feet covered my back with mud as I ran!——E. H. Lougher, in the 'Morning Star.'

How a Missionary was Made.

Bishop Frank W. Warne, of India, gives the following account of his early missionary experience:

I was but a boy in Canada, and when the annual missionary meeting was held and the collection was about to be taken, the preacher said: 'I want every person in the house, including boys and girls, to subscribe something, no matter how small, and two months will be given in which to pay the subscriptions.' The collectors came down the aisle with a slip of paper, and the people wrote their names on the paper. I had never subscribed to anything, but I decided I would subscribe one dollar and

when it came to me I took the paper and wrote my name, promising to give that amount. I was very much excited, and began at once to plan how I should earn the money. I saved pocket-money, ran errands, found eggs, and, as it seemed to me, long before the time I had my dollar ready, and wished either that the collector would hurry up or that I had subscribed more. I got so much pleasure and profit out of that subscription that I have been giving ever since, and at last I gave myself. 'Missionary Review of the World.'

The Farmer.

In a lovely garden long ago,
  Under the tropic sun,
Old Father Adam toiled away,
  Till his weary work was done,
And the teeming harvests crowned it all,
  At the closing of the year;
Then all his life seemed filled with
  As the harvest-home drew near.

And still his children work away
  With strong and sturdy will,
To the soft low note of the waving corn,
  As it grows on vale and hill;
While the throngs that line the busy streets
  May flourish or may fall,
And evermore the farmer's hand
  Must feed and keep them all.
—Exchange.

The School for Emperors.

(Howard Angus Kennedy, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

He was such a very little Emperor, you know; he was only ten years old, so what could you expect of him?

If he had been an ordinary little boy, the child of one of his own subjects, it would not have mattered so much, but he was an Emperor, and he knew it. Whenever he went out to play, a pair of dignified governesses watched him carefully to see that no common little boys should tempt him to play common little games. He had no brothers or sisters, so the Empress used to invite all the little dukes and duchesses in the kingdom, a week at a time, to come and play with him; and their mammas, when they said good-bye to them at the palace door, used to hold up their fingers and say, 'Never forget that you are going to play with the Emperor.' Sometimes, alas, they did forget, and once an angry little duchess actually pinched his ear, because she had thought he was cheating; but he did not forget who he was, and he ordered the little duchess into the house with the air of an Emperor. If he went out of the park into the street he rode on a beautiful pony, with a troop of soldiers and big horses clattering behind him; and the sentinels presented arms, and the common people in the streets took off their hats. Sometimes he liked being a Emperor a little too much, and sometimes he did not like it at all. When he got very much bored by having soldiers and governesses following him all the time, he would stamp his imperial little heel and say he wished they would let him alone to play like other boys and do what he liked. Then his mother would be very much astonished, and would say, 'Remember, my dear Maximus, that you are the Emperor.' Another time he would get so conceited, and tilt his imperial little nose up so very high, that his mother was quite anxious about him, and was afraid that he would be spoilt. Poor woman, she had never had an emperor to bring up before, so it was no wonder that she did not know how to do it.

One afternoon his Majesty was playing leapfrog with a little grand duke on the lawn behind the palace. They had been playing for about a quarter of an hour, and the grand duke was rather tired of it, because the Emperor insisted on doing all the jumping, and would not tuck down his own imperial head so that the grand duke could take a turn. At last the grand duke got quite dizzy with holding his head tucked between his knees so long, and he jerked himself up just as the Emperor was taking a flying leap over his back, so that his Majesty and his Grace rolled over on the grass together. The Emperor was very angry, and kicked the grand duke on the shin. The grand duke forgot everything except his sore leg, and kicked the Emperor back; and next moment, would you believe it, their imperial and ducal highnesses were rolling over and over on the grass, clutching and hitting at each other and shouting just like the commonest little common boys in the commonest streets of the city. Two horrified governesses threw down their embroidery and rushed to save his Majesty from the sacrilegious grand duke, who was pounced upon by a couple of lords-in-waiting and packed off home by the next train.

The Empress-mother burst into tears when his Majesty was brought into her parlor, his hair all rumpled, his face scratched and bleeding, his collar hanging by a single button. 'I am afraid I ought to put you to bed, my dear,' she said—but she didn't. She often said she ought to do things, without doing them. The imperial little scamp had his hair brushed and his face mended and his eyes bathed with rose-water and a clean collar put on, and went out to play in the garden again with a nice gentle duchess, who might be thoroughly trusted not to pinch him or pull his ears.

In the middle of the night the Empress-mother was awakened by a sharp tapping at her door.

'Come in,' she said.

The door opened and a little old woman came in, holding a candle high up above her head: an ugly little woman, with the dowdiest of old clothes.

'How dare you——?' the Empress began.

The little old woman came close up to her bedside and looked straight into her eyes. The Empress shook and shivered, and did not dare to say another word.

'The Emperor must go to school,' said the little old woman in a very firm voice.

'Oh, how can I let him go to school?' said his mother, quite forgetting to tell the little old woman she was impertinent, and it was none of her business. 'How could I allow him to mix up with all sorts of common little boys? I never heard of an Emperor going to school. Even the little dukes only have tutors and governesses at home.'

'So much the worse for them,' said the little old woman; 'and if their mothers are foolish that's no reason why you should be. Besides, they're only dukes, and your boy is an Emperor. How many million people is he going to rule over?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said the Empress. 'I can't afford to have a census taken. It costs so much to keep up a palace, and the servants want more wages as it is.'

'Well,' said the little old woman, 'I can tell you without a census; it's one hundred million, two hundred and thirty-four thousand, five hundred and sixty-seven. And how many of them do you think the Emperor knows anything about?'

'Let me see,' said the Queen; 'there are seven little dukes and nine little duchesses that he plays with, and eight governesses and six tutors, and the keeper of the imperial kennels, and the groom of the imperial pony——'

'Say five-and-twenty, if you like,' said the old woman. 'So there are one hundred million, two hundred and thirty-four thousand, five hundred and forty-two that he knows nothing about—and cares nothing about, either. That is very bad, very bad indeed. I tell you he must go to school to learn how to do it.'

'To learn what?' said the Empress.

'To learn to know his subjects, and to care for them,' said the old woman.

The Empress-mother opened her eyes very wide. 'I never heard of such a school,' she said.

'You are as ignorant as your boy, almost,' said the little old woman.

'If any one else had said that,' said the Empress——'

'Yes,' said the old woman, 'if any one else had said it, you'd have ordered them into prison, or at least locked them up in the garret; but it isn't any one else, you see: it's me!' With that, she looked at the Empress so straight that her Majesty blinked. 'And seeing that it is me,' the old woman went on, 'I suppose you would like me to tell you where to find the school to send your son?'

'Yes, please,' said the Empress, meekly.

'But I won't,' said the old woman.

'How can I send him there, then?' said the Queen.

'You won't,' said the old woman. 'I will take him.'

The Empress sat up straight in bed, and said: 'Oh, you mustn't!' But then, as the old woman gave her another look, she lay back an her pillow and said: 'I suppose it can't be helped. I expect you know best—you look as if you knew everything. But what shall I say to the people when he's gone?'

'Tell them,' said the old woman, 'that he has gone on his travels, as an Emperor should, to gain experience before coming into his kingdom.'

The old woman waved her candle in the Empress's eyes, and her Majesty, with a smile, sank back to sleep.

A minute after, the little Emperor awoke and sat bolt upright in bed. Nobody had knocked at his door; but there, standing beside his bed, was a little old woman holding a candle over her head. 'Come with me,' she said, 'come away to school.'

The little Emperor did not know what to say to such an outrageous command, so he said nothing.

'Come at once,' said the little old woman, very firmly. And the Emperor, though he had never in his life been spoken to like that before, slipped out of bed and made haste to dress himself. On the chair where his imperially decorated underwear had been carefully folded for him when he went to bed, he found a coarse suit of thick woollen garments, with the commonest sort of rough cloth coat and trousers, and a pair of boots with soles quite half an inch thick. He looked up with a pout, but as soon as his eyes met the old woman's he started putting on the clothes in a hurry without a word. Then she opened the window and stepped out, and he stepped out after her.

(To be continued.)

We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.—Emerson.

Flags! Flags! Flags!

Remember! Our Diamond Jubilee offer of Canadian Flags may be taken up by Clubs, Societies or Individuals, as well as schools. For particular write to

'FLAG DEPARTMENT,'
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Building.

Pauline's Picnic.

(By Priscilla Leonard, in 'The Child's Hour.)

'It's such a beautiful day!' said Pauline. 'I wish I could go on a picnic! But there isn't any picnic to go on.'

'You can have a picnic under the trees in the yard,' suggested her mother.

'But there's nobody to come,' said Pauline. 'Bessie and Edith wouldn't want to come, 'cause they're here most every day, and they're tired of playing under the trees, anyway. If I knew anybody who wanted to come to a picnic, it would be ever so nice. But I don't.'

'Think a little,' said mother. 'I know somebody—more than one somebody, too—who lives not two squares away, who would love to come.'

'Oh, who, mother?' asked Pauline eagerly.

'Try and guess,' said mother. Then she went on washing the breakfast things, and Pauline wiped away with the dish towel, and thought hard. Not two squares away—she went over all the houses in her mind. It couldn't be the Halletts—because they were all boys, and not a bit nice—nor the Smiths, for they were away at the seashore—nor the Wilsons, because Bessie and Edith wouldn't care to come, nor—why, there wasn't any one left except—

Pauline looked at mother and smiled. 'I know!' she cried, 'you mean the old ladies at the Home. Miss Mattie, that worked me the pincushion, and Mrs. Evans, and Miss Dickson that's lame; do you really think they'd like to come, mother?' I'd love to have a picnic for them if you truly think they'd come.'

'I think they would,' said mother. 'They haven't any trees, and the porch is sunny all afternoon, and, besides, they don't get many invitations to go anywhere. You can ask them for any time this afternoon you please, and if you help me a little with the ironing, I'll have time to bake you a cake, and you can get some lemons from the store and make lemonade yourself. I can make any kind of cake you choose. But I think the chocolate cake is the one people like best—don't you?'

'It will be splendid,' said Pauline. 'I'll go ask them right away, mother,' and she hardly waited to wipe the last plate. Off she ran, and reached the Home just as Miss Mattie had sat down by her window with her sewing. Miss Mattie's hands were never idle, and she had the pleasantest voice and smile. She was Pauline's favorite out of all the old ladies, and she wanted to ask her first.

'Oh, Miss Mattie, I'm going to have a picnic this afternoon, if you'll come, and Mrs. Evans, and Miss Dickson, and we'll have it out

TO-DAY SHE WORKED LIKE A TROJAN

under the trees in our yard. Would you like it? Mother would be so glad if you'd come, she says.'

Miss Mattie looked very much pleased. 'I'd love to come, dearie,' she said. 'The rest will, too, I know. Suppose we go ask them,' so she and Pauline carried round the invitation, and the other two guests accepted eagerly. 'Half-past-two o'clock,' said Pauline, as she went off home. 'Don't forget!' and they all said they wouldn't.

How short the morning was, and how many things there were to do in it. Pauline hated to iron, but to-day she worked like a Trojan, and finished up the unstarched things in no time, and even helped mother on some of the other pieces. 'I think we'll have to have picnics often,' said mother laughing. 'Then I could fold my hands, and let you do all the housework, Pauline.' Then there were the lemons to squeeze, and the juice to be strained and put on the ice, ready for the afternoon's mixing, and the chairs and footstools to be taken out under the trees, and a little table or two. Pauline was determined it was to be 'the comfortablest picnic,' as she expressed it, that could be.

And it was. It was the nicest, too. The three picnickers came promptly, and arrived together, though Miss Dickson had started five minutes earlier than the other two, so as to take her time in using her crutch. They went into the house and took off their bonnets, and then they sought the picnic ground, and sat down in the easy chairs in the shade, with their sewing, and Pauline brought out her sewing, too—a cover she was embroidering for her bureau; and mother had her knitting, and they had the cosiest kind of a time. Miss Mattie and Mrs. Evans began talking about old times, when they were girls, and told ever so many interesting things about what the town used to be like long ago. Then Pauline went in and mixed the lemonade and brought it out with the cake, and the visitors said they hadn't had such cake for years; mother's cake was famous, as Pauline knew, but she never had seen people who enjoyed it quite as much.

When it was all over, and the picnickers had started for home, Pauline looked after Miss Dickson's slow-moving figure, and hugged her mother. 'I never did have such a picnic in my life!' she cried. And the three old ladies said the same thing.

Dorothy's Missionary Offering

(By Rev. George Sanderson, in 'Record of Christian Work').

They had been given to Dorothy by her Uncle Reuben when they were tiny little fellows, and she had named them Lion and Lamb, because, as she explained, each of the twins so much resembled, in its nature and acts, the animal for which it was named. Lion would bark fiercely and make a dreadful time if a stranger came nigh him. While Lamb, on the contrary, was friendly and would wag his little

tail and lick your hand in the most neighborly sort of a way. Then, too didn't Lion and Lamb always lie down together, and didn't a little child lead them? So, of course they were appropriately named.

Dorothy had come to love her little pets, and her attachment was so great that to give them up would amount to an act of real sacrifice on her part.

But the minister had said in his sermon that the Missionary Board needed money, and that if the people had the true missionary spirit they would make real sacrifices to support the need.

Now Dorothy had the true missionary spirit, but no money, and therefore was unable to give.

What could she do? She thought over the matter as she sat on the veranda after Sunday-school. Just then Lion and Lamb came running up the steps.

Both doggies were delighted to see their young mistress. Suddenly as Dorothy patted their heads and stroked their fleecy coats the impulse came to her—why not donate Lion and Lamb to the missionary cause? She had heard her papa say that the doggies were valuable and that Elder Brown had offered to give forty dollars for them. But could she part with them?—and Dorothy paused at the thought of separation, for it gave her pain to think of giving up her pets. But then that would be a real sacrifice, and if she helped at all, it must be through giving up something.

The next morning a little girl might have been seen sallying forth from a shed door with a comical looking little puppy under each arm.

Fifteen minutes later the same little girl stood in Elder Brown's parlor telling the story of her desire to get money to help the missionary cause by selling her little pets to him. As the good man listened his eyes filled with a suspicious looking moisture.

'Bless the little dear,' said he, as he took the little girl, dogs and all into his arms and kissed her.

Then he sat her down, and taking out his pocket-book he counted out the money, and then the little girl and the bankbills disappeared, but the dogs remained.

Not long after this, Dorothy, with the bank bills, appeared in the home of the faithful minister and recited to the astonished servant of God her efforts and result in behalf of the missionary cause. The good man had scarcely recovered from the amazement before the story had been told, the money left on his table, and the little girl had disappeared.

That night, just as Dorothy was about to go to bed, a man came to the street door and handed in a large basket, and when the cover was removed it revealed Lion and Lamb nestling up close to each other.

On the basket was a card, and written thereon Dorothy's papa read:

'Little Miss Dorothy: The dogs are lonesome and want to visit you.

'Please keep them until I call for them. J. Brown.'

He never called.

Frowny-Face.

When Mr. Work comes by our place,
Then you may look for Frowny-Face.

Says Frowny-Face with a look of woe;
'Do I ha'fter, Mamma? Please, ma'am, say 'no.'
I wanted to shake the walnut tree,
An' get persimmons; don't make me!
I was goin' to eat goobers in the swing—
An' Bill ain't doin' a single thing!'
At dinner he says: 'Just rice an' cheese,
An' chicken, an' pie; I don't want these.
Ain't you got sumthin' nice an' sweet?'

When Frowny-Face comes I always say:
'Where is our sunshiny Rob to-day?
His mouth turns up, this boy's goes down,
And he looks as if he could only frown.
Oh, Rob, with your smiles, come back, I say,
And frighten this lad with his scowls away!'
—Selected.

Sunshine Girl.

One Sunday Miss Lee told the primary class how to belong to the Sunshine Society. To keep on being a sunshine boy or girl, man or woman, one has to keep on doing kind things. That is all. Isn't it easy?

Among those who promised to make sunshine for somebody that week was Betty. She thought she was pretty small, and had not much chance, but she meant to try.

What do you suppose she found to do? They were just wee bits of things but then a sunbeam is not very big. That is the reason it can get through a crack and make a bright spot, where something bigger than a sunbeam could not get in at all.

One day she found a little boy who had tumbled down in the dust, and picked him up. She comforted him and sent him home with a sunshiny smile on his face instead of a shower of tears.

Another time she just smiled up into the face of a lady she knew, who was looking sorry as she passed. The lady smiled, too. The sunshine went through a crack, you see.

Another time Betty picked up baby's playthings, without mother's asking her, and made the room all neat. When mother came in tired, her face lighted up as if the sun had come out. It made her so happy to see that Betty thought of doing this herself.

Saturday, Betty went to ask a little girl to come to Sunday-school, and the next day she went and took her to the class.

That spread sunshine all round, for teacher was glad, the class was happy, and Mary and Betty were both glad.

One day all Betty could find to do was to put her arms about father's neck when he looked tired, and whisper: 'I love you!' Dear me! How the sun came out then! —'Sunbeam.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 25,

The Quarterley Review.

Golden Text.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name. John xx., 31.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 19.—John xi., 32-45.
Tuesday, June 20.—John xii., 12-26.
Wednesday, June 21.—John xv., 1-12.
Thursday, June 22.—John xvii., 15-26.
Friday, June 23.—John xx., 11-23.
Saturday, June 24.—Rev. i., 10-20.
Sunday, June 25.—Rev. xxii., 1-11.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The twelve lessons of the quarter are like the twelve jewels in the high priest's breastplate. They are of priceless value. Each has its own peculiar charm. After its contents have been apparently exhausted, each is sure to emit an unexpected ray. They are so placed with reference to each other that each enhances the other.

The two parables, 'The Good Shepherd' and 'The Vine and the Branches,' illustrate Jesus' method of teaching.

He spake of lilies, vines, and corn,
The sparrow, and the raven,
And words so natural, so wise
Were on men's hearts engraven,
And yeast and bread and flax and cloth
And eggs and fish and candles.
See how the whole familiar world
He most Divinely handles.

In his parable of the Good Shepherd (Lesson I), Jesus held the mirror before the hierarchy of his day with a fearless hand. He showed its mercenary spirit. It worked havoc in the highest interests of men. It killed in the realm of spiritual values. On this dark background Jesus projected the ideal of the true shepherd. He enters upon His function in the appointed way. His life is spent in care of the flock. He calleth, leadeth, putteth forth, goeth before.

The Vine (Lesson VI.) was one of the most familiar and beautiful of natural objects—the king of fruits in Palestine, source of wealth, joy, and strength to the people. In every respect it was worthy of the dignified and emblematic use Jesus made of it. In this allegory Jesus asserts his fundamental relation to humanity. He is source of spiritual life and fruitfulness. Abiding in the stock (Jesus) and pruned by the husbandman (the Father), the branches (the disciples) live and bear fruit. Apart from the stock the branches wither. Figurative language could not be used more skilfully.

Jesus' parables are miracles in word. His miracles are parables in deed. The miracle of the raising of Lazarus (Lesson II.) is the parable which teaches that the resurrection and immortal life are not far off abstractions, but that they are concreted in an immanent Christ. Those who are joined to him whether dead or living (as we use the words) live (in the higher meaning which Jesus has put into the word). The dead have not lost, the living cannot lose this immortal life. He that hath the Son hath life.

Jesus acted out still another parable when he washed his disciples' feet (Lesson V.) It was to rebuke the unseemly scramble for place in which his disciples engaged at the last supper, that Jesus performed the most menial task of the scullery drudge. He puts an end to caste, place, and precedence. Henceforth his disciples must cherish such a feeling toward one another as would make them willing to perform the most lowly service for each other.

A social occasion and a great popular ovation next arrest our attention. The supper at Bethany (Lesson III.) was a high and loving courtesy shown to Jesus. One significant and timely deed lifted this feast to the level of a sacrament. Mary brought out of her boudoir an Oriental cruse of alabaster filled with liquid perfume and poured it upon Jesus' head and feet. Mary gave Jesus a momentary embalming; he embalmed her forever in the incense of his praise. The popular ovation was on his entry into Jerusalem. (Lesson IV.) It was not a mere passing incident—an accident of his approach to the city. Jesus planned this entry, designed to make it effective. He was not captured by the multitude; he captured it and used it for his purpose. The orderly precision of all his movements indicates this. He openly came to his own. The issue was pressed. They must accept or reject. The test was made in no dark corner—nothing could have been more conspicuous.

Jesus puts a period to his ministry with a prayer (Lesson VII.), commonly called 'the high priestly prayer.' The high priest of the old dispensation carried the twelve tribes upon his bosom before the Lord in the twelve precious stones which formed his breastplate. The high priest of the new dispensation carried the twelve apostles upon his bosom. Jesus stands with the little group of men to whom he expects in their turn to be revealers of his truth. He must needs leave them. If they fail, all is lost. He cries to heaven for them, that they may be kept and sanctified and their unity preserved.

Two types of character come in sharpest contrast when Jesus appears before Pilate for trial. (Lesson VIII.) Pilate, time-server, whose ruling motive was to keep his place, to do which he would even condemn the innocent. Jesus, king in the realm of truth, whose subjects are the lovers of truth. The outcome of these two types is significant. Pilate's time-serving had small reward. He kept office only six years longer. Jesus' dominion, on the contrary, ever augmenting, has lasted for twenty centuries, and extends from sea to sea.

The procession to the cross (Lesson IX.) was the most pitiful earth has ever seen. The evangelists incidentally suggest how we should treat that pitiful scene. Their quadruple description of the crucifixion is a literary marvel. Though a circumstance of transcendent importance, the account is surprisingly condensed. Nature herself drew a veil of darkness around the scene. The seven words from the cross yield richer gains than any morbid spinning out of mere physical pains.

The open tomb (Lesson X.) was converted into a bureau of information for the troubled disciples. White liveried attendants were there to point them to the place where the Lord lay, and to the grave-clothes, laid in such orderly fashion as to preclude the idea of a hasty and clandestine removal, and to announce the blessed truth, 'He is risen!'

Prepared message (Lesson XI.) always comes to prepared person. It was no accident that this man had this vision. By a long course of schooling, to which he submitted intelligently, he became singularly open to the Divine. By the same process he was prepared to submit what he received. The Apocalypse has been called a 'Tract for Bad Times.' It was written in an age of persecution. Its purpose was to assure foreboding minds of ultimate victory in spite of current contradictions. It opens the vista of the future, and pictures Jesus triumphant.

Under the material emblem (Lesson XII.) of a city adorned and beautified, the spiritual betterment of humanity is shadowed. The plan and fashion of the city is from heaven. The ideals of right human living are Divine. As these ideals are realized, and in that proportion God lives with and in men. In the ratio of righteousness (right living) tears are dried. Wrong living (sin) is the sole cause of tears, painful death, sorrow, and crying.

Flags! Flags! Flags!

CANADIAN FLAGS!

Has your school one? Ask your teacher to write us for particulars as to our Diamond Jubilee Flag offer.

Address 'Flag Department,'

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal, Que.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 25.—Topic—Our national heritage. Isa. lv., 1-13. (Home missions. This may also be used as a temperance topic.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S WORD.

Monday, June 19.—Children shall obey it. Deut. xxxii., 46.

Tuesday, June 20.—The kind shall read it. Deut. xvii., 14-19.

Wednesday, June 21.—Delight in the Word. Ps. i., 2.

Thursday, June 22.—Meditate therein. Josh. i., 8.

Friday, June 23.—Be doers of the Word. Jas. i., 22.

Saturday, June 24.—Comfort of the Scriptures. Rom. xv., 4.

Sunday, June 25.—Topic—What God says about studying our Bibles. Deut. vi., 6-9.

Dont's For Teachers.

(The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.')

'Don't get impatient.'—We mean in your work. You may not see the fruits immediately. Seeding and harvest time do not come in one day as a rule. Be ready to labor, and then learn to wait for results. Patiently plant and water the seed and God will send the sunshine and increase. Many Sunday-school teachers have had the joy and encouragement to see some of their scholars chosen by God as ministers of the Gospel and missionaries of the Cross. Others have grown discouraged and have given up, and lost the joy of such precious fruits.

Be Sympathetic.

I have in mind the teacher of a class of young men—still a young woman herself—who is acquainted with the chosen girl friends of her scholars, and who is often approached for advice when the course of love is not smooth. This, she claims, is one reason why her class has been held together while often classes of similar age have been disbanded. When you have scholars of the age to be troubled by love affairs, you must in some way enter into their troubles and perplexities, or else have the most susceptible and approachable side of their nature closed against your influence.—Australian Paper.

Tact in Teaching.

Let no teacher be misled by the belief that he must of necessity unfold to the class in detail every thought and lesson that in preparation he has stored in his own mind. There may be many trains of thought interesting and useful, but not in immediate touch with the present mood of the class. Put these aside unfolded. The little child on the nursery floor will teach you just what I wish to emphasize. Watch him with his picture book. He turns page after page, almost without a glance at what each contains; then he reaches a picture that appeals to his present thoughts and feelings. For minutes he sits intently studying this. You cannot force the child to a study of certain pictures. You may win him eventually to follow your judgment, but you must begin by turning the leaves as his desires dictate, and through the door of the attractive lead him into the realms of the useful and essential. Have the one dominent purpose to bring your scholars to Jesus. Keep on praying and preparing, and some bright day you shall have the crowning joy of seeing them sitting in absorbed interest before the picture that to-day they would pass unnoticed—the Suffering Saviour.—Prof. Dager.

Correspondence

S., Alta.

Dear Editor,—As I very seldom see a letter from here, I thought I would write one. I am taking the 'Messenger' now, and I think it is a fine paper. I like the drawings also, so I thought that I would draw one, and I hope it will be good enough to be reproduced. I am thirteen years old, and am in the fourth class at school. We all like our teacher very much. We have no snow here, and as Vera B. B. said she would send a carload to whoever wanted it, we might take one if she will pay the freight charges. Some time ago a boy asked who it was that got one hundred prophets and hid them by fifty in a cave. It was Obadiah: 'Now Obadiah feared the Lord greatly; for it was so, when Jezebel cut off the prophets of the Lord, that Obadiah took an hundred prophets, and hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and watre.' (I. Kings xviii., 3-4.) I have one grandpa living, and he is eighty years old. He lives with us now. I like reading, and have read several books, among which are: 'My Neighbor's Shoes,' 'Eighty-Seven,' 'A Rough Diamond,' and 'Alone on an Island.'

BARLOW WHITESIDE.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will be eleven years old on June 29. I am in the senior third. I live two miles from the school. I have a brother Frank who is twelve years old, and a sister Reta two years old. We have a little colt and eight little lambs. ELGIN LOYD ARN.

Burnhamthrope, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have two pets named Minnie and Tim. I have two brothers, but no sisters. We have a new brick school. I wonder if any person's birthday is on the same day as mine, Dec. 25. I am ten years old. ALBERTA G.

W. R., Man.

Dear Editor,—As I enjoy reading other letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one myself. I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper, for it has so many nice stories. I like reading it very much. I live on a farm, eighteen miles from town. I have two brothers younger than myself. I send a picture called 'Our pet ducks on the pond.'

OLIVE DAVIES (age 10).

C., Ga.

Dear Editor,—I hope to see my picture in print in the next number, as mamma has ordered it for several of my little friends, and I want them to see my picture.

MARY E. BRANCH.

G. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I go to school nearly every day, and I have only about a quarter of a mile to go. I am in the fourth grade. We have twenty-eight cattle and two horses. For pets I have four rabbits and a dog. I have only taken the 'Messenger' a little while, but I like it very much. I am sending you a picture of a boat that I drew myself. FRANK E. HARRIS (age 11).

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this part of the country to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one, and also send a drawing. My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for about twenty years, and I like to read the Boys' and Girls' Page. I always like to draw such things as locomotives, boats, bicycles or something of the sort, so I thought I would draw a locomotive. I was thirteen years old last April. I have two brothers, Joseph and Arthur. I have also one sister named Ethel. Two of my sisters died when they were quite young. I am in the fourth reader, and I like to go to school.

PERRY BITNER.

L. C.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and my birthday was on May 4. I thought I would send you one of my drawings, if it is good enough, and I would like to see it in the paper. My sister takes the 'Messenger.' Our aunt sent it to her for a Christmas present about four years ago, and has given it to her every Christmas since. I have one sister and two brothers. My sister is twelve. She has a pet horse, her name being Fan. She is very gentle. We often go driving together. She can harness Fan and unharness her. My father died last winter. My sister is two years older than I am, and my brothers are younger.

ALBA B. E.

New Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day, and am in the fourth class. I like to read the stories in the Little Folks' Page very much. I am ten years old. My birthday was on April 25. I play ball in the evenings with my brothers when it is fine. I am sending a picture; also one of my brother's, and hope to see them both in print.

HAROLD M. (10), LESLIE M. (14).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Watch.' Elgin Loyd Arn (10), S. H.
2. 'Our Pet Ducks on the Pond.' Olive Davies (10), W. R., Man.
3. 'On the Water.' Frank E. Harris (11), G. P., N.S.
4. 'Beaver Knoll Cottage.' Barlow Whiteside (13), S., Alberta.
5. 'Four Pumpkins.' Alberta G .(10), Burnhamthrope.
6. 'A Mother Bird.' Mary Branch., C., Ga.
7. 'The Champion Locomotive.' Perry Bitner (13), M., Ont.
8. 'House by the Sea.' Charlie A. Trefry (13), A., N.S.
9. 'The Seafoam.' Alex. B. H. (8), address not given.

[There are a great many pictures in the possession of the Correspondence Editor only waiting for an interesting letter by the artist. The good pictures with the most interesting letters we will, of course, try to publish first, specially if the other rules have been followed.—Cor. Ed.]

N. L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—These drawings were done by girls of Class 2 in our Sunday-school. We take the 'Messenger' and enjoy reading it and looking at the drawings. Hoping to see our drawings reproduced in your paper.

M. I. R.

(Numbers 2, 3, 5 and 12 in last weeks' 'Messenger' represent the drawings sent from this Sunday-school class.—Cor. Ed.)

St. D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a picture of a Japanese warship that helped to take Port Arthur. I would like to be a captain of a warship if I could. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence Page. I have a pretty spotted dog, and some rabbits, and my brother and I are going to get some chickens.

JOSEY S. C.

New Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is not a large place, but the Canada Brass Rolling Mills are here, in which the first brass was made in Canada. I have a sample of the brass. Our house is facing Lake Ontario. It is very beautiful in the summer. We go bathing and gather colored stones; but in the winter there is quite a cool breeze here. The electric cars in front of our door have been blocked several times this past winter on account of so much snow. I go to the Methodist church. It is in Mimico, a mile away, but we have a Sunday-school in New Toronto. We also have a Junior League in connection with our Sunday-school. We make scrap-books for the sick children's hospital, and bags for the sailors, which we fill with Bibles, hymn-books and Sunday-school papers. We have services in the evening at Sunday-school, and we have different men speak. Mr. H. is the pastor of the church in Mimico. It was Mrs. H. who organized the Junior League in New Toronto. She also has one in Mimico. I live about five miles from Toronto. There is a park about a mile from us, called Long Branch. MINNIE R. (age 14).

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would send in one of my drawings. My brother is sending in one of his drawings, too. We hope to see them both printed as soon as the editor finds space for them in the paper.

ETHEL PRASKY (age 12).

Stanbury, Que.

Dear Editor,—Isn't sugaring nice? There are a great many maple trees around the house. I have been making sugar myself to-day. As the correspondents are drawing pictures and sending them to the 'Mesenger,' I think I will send one, and I hope I shall see mine in the 'Messenger.' I have been staying at home from school, as I had something the matter with my arm and shoulder, and have not begun again yet. We used to live at East Bolton, Que., but we sold the place, and are at grandpa's at present. How many are glad that spring has come? I am for one. It seems so nice that warm weather is coming.

JANE H. (age 12).

L. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have taken it for seven years. I go to school every day. My home is on Cobequid Bay, and it is very pleasant here in the summer time. I am sending one dollar for the 'Messenger' Cot in the hospital.

E. CLARE ANTHONY (age 8).

M. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Messenger' that you would like to get subscriptions for the hospital Cot in Labrador. I will send fifty cents from Ada (my sister) and I. I hope you will get quite a lot of money for it. I forgot to say that we had what we called a missionary turkey, and we are giving the money that we made out of her chickens to different missions.

D. LLOYD MILLAR (age 9).

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Please accept this (10 cents) as my part in the 'Messenger' Cot of Dr. Grenfell's Hospital. MARY R. SHIPLEY.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I am twelve years old. We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and I like it very much, especially the Correspondence Page. I go to school every day and I am in the fourth book. My birthday is on Dec. 12. I go to George's Street Sunday-school. We have a mission band in our church, of which I am a member. All the mission bands united and had a public meeting on May 12, and it was a great success. I have five sisters and two brothers. For pets I have a canary and a kitten. EMILY W.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FOR 'MESSENGER' COT IN LABRADOR HOSPITAL.

The examinations and preparations for closing school are beginning to absorb a great deal of attention. Not very many have this last week sent in contributions, and we hold the list over till next week, when we hope to have a very substantial increase in our 'Cot' fund.

A teacher on asking the question 'What is prayer?' got this answer from a dear little five-lear-old girl. 'Why, it is talking to God. like I do to mamma.'—Selected.

Temperance

The Voice of Science in Regard to Alcohol.

[We have been asked by one of our readers, keenly alive to the need of continuous temperance teaching in the Sunday-school, to take up this subject of alcohol as a medicine, and we gladly do so.—Ed.]

It is an astonishing fact that, though the present day is one in which 'the man in the street' prides himself on his adhesion to the dicta of science, there is one point upon which that dictum is constantly disregarded, to a large extent, indeed, totally ignored, that is the question of alcohol and its use or abuse as an actual medicine or general tonic.

There never was a time when so telling an array of facts or such a list of opinions well worth while could be marshalled against the presence of this enemy of mankind among the ranks o. beneficent remedies. Temperance people are not half awake to the weapons lying ready at hand to use against alcohol, and, for the others—well, Caesar only expressed a well-recognized truth, as true today as in the days of the Gallic wars, when he said, 'Men as a rule willingly believe what they wish.'

That a very large proportion of sickness, poverty, insanity and crime is directly chargeable to the liquor traffic is beyond dispute, and that much of the rest is indirectly traceable to the same source is also pretty generally acknowledged. But all this, it is urged, is due to immoderate use of alcoholic beverages. True enough, and since all 'immoderates' were once 'moderates,' and these in turn very, very often took their first glass in response to the medical advice of some authorized physician, or perhaps of some well-meaning and otherwise intelligent friend, it is well to keep constantly in mind the warrant, if there be any for this first step. Is there any such warrant? In the vast majority of cases, science, we firmly believe, says 'No.'

We are indebted to the Department of Non-Alcoholic Medication of the National W.C.T.U. for not a few of the facts we quote, and are glad to refer to the excellent little handbook* prepared by the superintendent and to various smaller pamphlets and other literature issued by the Department. They will be found most useful to those who wish to arm themselves more fully with strong arguments against the medicinal use of alcohol in any form.

First, as to nutritive value of alcoholic beverages. Take, for example, beer, which in its various forms is so frequently prescribed as a general tonic, 'food as well as drink.' Analyses by eminent chemists show an average of 90 percent water, 4 percent alcohol and 6 percent malt extract. The latter includes gum, sugar, various acids, salts and hop extract, very little of these constituents being digestible.

The eminent German chemist, Liebig, said: 'If a man drink daily 8 or 10 quarts of the best Bavarian beer, in a year he will have taken into his system the nutritive constituents contained in a five pound loaf of bread.' At the low rate of five cents a pint, this beer would amount to $292—a rather expensive alternative to the same amount of nourishment to be bought for five cents in the form of a simple loaf of bread!

In wines, the averages run, water 80 percent, alcohol 15 percent, the residue, 5 percent, containing various substances, the only one of which having food value is sugar, and that is present only in a small proportion.

As for distilled liquors, Dr. Nathan S. Davis of Chicago says that they contain, if unadulterated, 'literally nothing but water and alcohol, except traces of juniper in gin, and the flavor of the fermented material from which they have been distilled.' This testimony is confirmed by the Standard Dictionary, where, in regard to brandy, Mr. C. F. Chandler, in Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia, is quoted: 'Brandy is almost pure alcohol and water, the percentage of alcohol varying from 48 to 56 percent.'

So that unless absolute alcohol has an indisputable food value, which no one is rash enough to maintain, the case for alcoholic beverages as a tonic is somewhat weak!

The analysis of milk as given in the Standard Dictionary varies for different animals—that of cow's milk stands thus:—Water, 84.28 percent; solids, 15.72 percent; the latter being fat, 6.47; casein, 3.57; albumen, .78; milk sugar, 4.34; ash, .63.

These solids may be divided from another standpoint into nitrogenized 4.35 percent, and non-nitrogenized 10.81 percent.

The judgment of Sir B. Ward Richardson is specially significant in connection with this comparative analysis. 'Alcohol contains no nitrogen; it has none of the qualities of the structure-building foods. It is incapable of being transformed into any of them; it does not supply caesine, albumen, fibrine or any other of these substances which go to build rp the muscles, nerves and other active organs.'

These analyses show pretty clearly the comparative food values of milk and alcoholic beverages.

Dr. Ernest Hart, editor of the 'British Medical Journal,' stated some years ago that 'the medical profession were nearly all agreed that alcohol is neither a food nor a tonic.'

Dr. August Forel, of Switzerland, says of alcoholic liquors that 'they cannot be regarded as sources of nourishment or force.'

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, that eminent English physician, said:—'I would earnestly impress that the systematic administration of alcohol for the purpose of giving and sustaining strength is an entire delusion.'

Sir Wm. Gull, late physician to the Royal family, said before a select committee of the House of Lords on Intemperance:—'There is a great feeling in society that strong wine and other strong drinks give strength. A large number of people have fallen into that error and fall into it every day.'

The very function of food is to give strength—repeated experiment, with gangs of workmen, regiments of soldiers, athletes, explorers, show conclusively that alcohol does nothing of the kind. Of the results of such tests, Sir Andrew Clark, physician to the late Queen Victoria, said:—'It is capable of proof beyond all possibility of question that alcohol not only does not help work, but is a serious hinderer of work.'

As to the effect of alcohol on the vital organs, Dr. W. F. Pechuman, of Detroit, Mich., in his book on 'Alcohol, is it a Medicine?' says:—'Alcohol destroys the very life force that alone keeps the body in repair,' and, quoting the effect of alcohol on white of egg, blood, raw meat, etc., goes on to say: 'Alcohol acts the same on food in the stomach as it does on the same substances before introduced into the stomach, and acts just the same on blood and all the living tissues in the system as out of it. This alone is enough to condemn its use as medicine.'

Observations in connection with the remarkable case of Alexis St. Martin, some seventy years, went to show what more recent experiments have confirmed, that alcohol acts on the juices of the stomach in such a way as to greatly hinder its proper disposal of the food supply.

Dr. Henry Munroe, one of the English experimenters in this line of research, says:—'Alcohol, even in a diluted form, has the peculiar power of interfering with the ordinary process of digestion.' To this testimony is added that of Dr. Newell Martin, in 'The Human Body,' of Sir B. Ward Richardson, of John Kirk, M.D., in 'Medicinal Drinking,' and of numerous other reputable physicians. As to the effects of alcohol on the blood, these, too, are unfavorable. The processes of waste and repair going on continually in a healthy body are cellular processes, the building up of new cells and the elimination of broken-down cells. This work of carrying the cells to the proper part is performed by the blood, and since alcohol, even in very small quantities, retards all cellular change, either of waste or repair, it is clear that it hinders the nutritive work of the blood.

(To be continued.)

*'Alcohol a Dangerous and Unnecessary Medicine.' By Mrs. Martha M. Allen, 27 Broad street, Oneida, N.Y. Published by Chas. Haskell & Son, Norwich, Conn. $1.25.

HOUSEHOLD.

Discoveries.

Little drops of knowledge,
Little grains of sense
Solve the mighty problem
Of the home expense.

Had the little leakage
Earlier been checked,
Then the mighty vessel
Never had been wrecked.

Thus the little trifles
Make the sum of life—
Making home an Eden,
Or an endless strife.

—Phila Butler Bowman.

Furnishing the Porch.

(Annie Balcomb Wheeler, in the New England 'Homestead.')

It is poor economy to use the furniture of the house upon the porch in summer. It exposes it to dust, dews and varying weather, it is sometimes forgotten and left out over night, and soon grows too shabby for the living rooms. Better have bona fide porch belongings which during the winter may be safely stored against the need of the next season.

Almost every attic will afford in discarded furniture just what is wanted. A few screens, a little glue and the dislocations are mended, and the article is ready for a second life of usefulness upon the porch, in the summer camp or in the children's playhouse; and if varnish or fresh paint be employed, the results are most happy, the articles are attractive and in most cases far more comfortable than the modern product of the factory, for which one has to pay quite a little sum.

Cane seats seem to give the most trouble when rejuvenating the castaways, while recaning always pays, for it makes the chair or settee as good as new. There are two very satisfactory seat substitutes, the perforated wooden seats and the straw seats so popular for doorstep uses. The perforated seats cost from 15 cents upward, according to size, and are tacked upon the frame by brass heads.

The straw seats come for even less, and to my mind are the better, they are so much more comfortable; but one must be sure that the broken cane is first made strong in some way. Strips of burlap tacked across both ways will answer. Then the straw seat may be fastened on by a few wire nails. I have bought straw seats of excellent quality for six cents each.

Glorifying Drudgery.

In his lecture on 'Vocations' at the Brooklyn Institute, recently, Professor Howard Griggs, lecturing under the auspices of the Women's union, touched on that most prosaic of occupations—dish-washing, and glorified it by pronouncing it an excellent means of culture. 'Of all dull, blind, sordid drudgery the ne plus ultra, to my mind, is dish-washing,' he is quoted as saying. 'Washing dishes is so much worse than getting them dirty,' continued the lecturer. 'That's good, wholesome work. But to wash your way through a lot of dirty dishes and put them all back in their places with the certain confident knowledge that four hours later they will all have to come down and get dirty again, and to keep it up meal after meal, week after week, year after year, is the essence of blind, dead work. And yet to do that blind, dead work is to build character and to get culture. For what is culture but patience, fidelity, quiet wisdom, loyalty to trust—those simple, primitive qualities on which human life is based?' Prof. Grigg's view is worth bearing in mind while in the kitchen. It will brighten up the monotony of the everlasting work that so many women despise.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Thoughts of a Housekeeper.

(Mrs. A. C. M'Pherson, in the New York 'Observer.')

Now that the heated term is come, the housemother should save herself as much as possible; do a little planning, make your head save your feet. If at all possible, cook enough food for the midday meal to serve for tea, served in a different form, of course. For instance, if boiled beef or roast was served for dinner, then make it serve as the 'piece de resistance' for tea, sliced and garnished with sprigs of parsley; if potatoes remained mince and prepare a salad of them as follows: To six potatoes, take a half teaspoonful of ground mustard, salt and pepper to taste, add a gill of best vinegar; add two onions, sliced, mix well; this should be prepared an hour before serving; fresh lettuce leaves may be forked in lightly just before serving. With the addition of fruit, cake, fresh bread and butter, this should be satisfying enough for the wants of an ordinary mortal.

Don't, we beg, befrill and beruffle your children's clothes, as so many mothers do, and sacrifice yourselves on that Moloch, as you will be sure to do on ironing days. Clothes so made require much time and strength in laundrying at a time when strength is at its minimum. A plain hem is quite as tasteful as lace, embroidery, etc., on undergarments.

'There's too much worriment goes to a bonnet,
There's too much ironing goes to a shirt,
There is nothing that pays for the time spent on it,
There's nothing that's lasting but trouble and dirt.'

Train your children to form correct tastes; teach them that quiet colors are preferable to gaudy, showy ones. Teach them to admire the beautiful in nature, whether in plant or insect life. Explain the forms of different leaves, petals, etc., classify them; trace the veining of the butterfly's wing which flashed by in the sunlight but late, and was dashed to the ground in the sudden summer storm: teach them that the hand that formed both leaf and insect is divine.

Cleaning Carpets.

To remove oil and grease from carpets, spread a layer of French chalk over the spots, cover with a sheet of blotting-paper, and iron with a warm flat-iron. Repeat the process, if necessary. Or spread on the stain a paste made of fuller's earth, brushing it off when dry, and renewing until the stain is removed. Use gall in the paste, to preserve the colors of the fabric treated.

Remove oil-paint spots with very pure spirits of turpentine. The impure spirits leave grease-spots.

To remove grape-stains, wash with warm soap-suds and a little ammonia water, sponging afterward with clear cold water.

For carpets infested with moths or carpet-bugs, try spreading a wet sheet on the carpet, then running a hot flat-iron quickly over it. The steam will destroy both worms and eggs.

If the carpet is not to be taken up, it can be wonderfully cleaned and brightened by sprinkling a handful of dry salt over it, then sweeping carefully. Many expert generals of domestic science use tea-leaves instead of the salt. Either method is excellent. Of course, all spots and stains should be taken out before the carpet is subjected to this dry-cleaning process. The salt is a good moth-preventive. Axminster and Turkey carpets should be swept always the way of the pile, so that the dust may be brushed out instead of into them.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Some Uses of Borax.

In sudden hoarseness or loss of voice from colds relief may be obtained by dissolving and partially swallowing a lump of borax the size of a pea. Borax may be dusted on a scald or wet burned surface. It is nice for cleaning the teeth and to sweeten the breath, and a little added to hard water renders it much nicer for bathing purposes. Equal parts of powdered orris-root, borax, prepared chalk and one-sixth as much Windsor soap make a fine dentifice. There is no better remedy for dandruff than a wash of one ounce each of borax and camphor to one and one-half pint of cold water. Scurf may be removed from the baby's head by rubbing on a little borax, and then washing with soap and water. Use one tablespoonful of borax to one gallon of water for washing woollen fabrics; it makes a better lather when dissolved in hot water. For washing silk handkerchiefs and gloves borax may be used instead of soap. It is also nice for cleaning hair-brushes. When meat is ready to hang up, wash it in water as hot as you can bear it on your hands, then carefully cover the flesh side with powdered borax, and you will not be troubled with bugs or worms.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Selected Recipes.

Asparagus Salad.—Cut off the tops from two bunches of asparagus, put into a saucepan, cover with boiling salted water, and let boil for fifteen minutes; drain, throw into cold water, and let stand half an hour; take up, dry on a napkin, put into a salad-dish, pour over French dressing; let stand on ice ten minutes, and serve.

Asparagus Puree.—This can be made from overgrown asparagus. Take about a pound and a half; cut off the tops, and lay them aside. Cut the remainder of the stalks into pieces about one inch long, having first washed and slightly scraped them. Slice finely two or three onions. Tie together a small bunch of parsley, thyme, or other herbs liked. Melt in a clean, bright pan two ounces of butter. Next add all the above ingredients, except the herbs, and fry for ten minutes; but keep them well stirred, as they must not be allowed to get at all brown. Add a quart and a half of milk-and-water in equal proportions, and simmer gently till the vegetables are soft. Then rub all through a hair sieve, first having taken out the herbs. Rinse out your pan, pour back the soup. Mix two tablespoonfuls of ground rice in a basin with a little cold milk. Strain it into the soup. Heat til it thickens, but do not let it boil. Season with salt, white pepper, a pinch of sugar, and a few drops of lemon-juice. Slip in gently the asparagus points after having boiled them till tender in boiling, salted water. They will probably take twelve minutes. The soup is then ready.

Eggs with Asparagus.—Boil a pint of asparagus tips, cut in pieces a half-inch wide, in salted water for twenty minutes, drain, and keep on a hot plate; beat six eggs until they are light and foamy, add one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful pepper, and one cupful of milk. When the walnut-size lump of butter is hot in the chafing dish or omelet pan, put in the mixture, cover, and let stand till firm, folding in the asparagus just before turning out on a hot platter.

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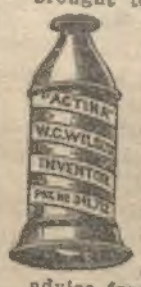

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'